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Σὺν θεοῖς θεηχόαισι πολέμοι φανούμεθα.

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THE  
**ANTI-TEAPOT**  
**REVIEW.**

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THE

# ANTI-TEAPOT REVIEW.

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No. XVI.—FEBRUARY 15TH, 1868.

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## BARRISTERS AND SOLICITORS.

A STARTLING proposal, which, if carried into effect, would shake the very foundation of our legal system, has been made by some ambitious solicitors who aspire to become barristers, on the sole plea that, as an attorney knows how a brief is made, he is therefore a fit and proper person for a barrister! No further plea is put forward by these new "lights" of the law, and we feel confident that neither statute law nor the law of right reason will be able to back up a theory which is, on the very face of it, absurd. A chemist's apprentice might, on identically the same grounds, assert that, as he knew how to make up a prescription, a *testamur* from the Pharmaceutical Society ought to give him the same privileges as those of a member of the Royal College of Surgeons. The parish doctor and the obscure village apothecary might, pursuing the same train of thought, aspire to the rights and privileges of a first-class M.D. of London or Oxford. The merest underling in the Foreign Office might, if he thinks he knows how to write a letter *as well* as Lord Russell (the qualification is not high), consider himself a specimen of underrated genius, because the post of Chief Secretary of State for the Foreign Department had not been offered to him instead of to Lord Stanley. The usher of a fifth-rate commercial school, where "unlimited diet" is foolishly allowed, and the "inclusive terms for pupils are only £20 a year," will on the same grounds stand for the Head Mastership of Eton, on the plea that, as he is accustomed to deal with boys of all ages, his experience of sheer drudgery and his "practical knowledge" must of necessity, in these days of wholesale reform, make him a fit and proper person to hold the positions at present occupied

by such Head Masters as Messrs. Hornby, Butler, Riddle, and Dr. Temple.

The stable-boy will, on the strength of the new theory, at once become a candidate for the well-paid office of Head Coachman to Her Majesty; the borough sign-board painter will advocate his claims to the coveted title of R.A.; and the youngest compositor in Printing-house Square will aspire to the editorship of the *Times*.

We believe that in the Roman Catholic Church the newly-ordained sub-deacon has a remote chance of obtaining the Cardinal's hat or the papal tiara. "Once a priest always a priest" is as true in Rome as it is in England, and we may be certain that men would not wilfully throw away all chances of promotion, either here or on the continent, unless there were certain great prizes to be obtained. As with the Church, so with the Law and every other profession. A talented priest, with moderate influence to back him, is almost certain to make his spiritual calling more than pay for his purely temporal wants. A clever barrister, who is not extravagant and can write leaders and "coach" pupils till he obtains briefs, must, particularly if he has a large connection of solicitors, be sure to rise in his profession, and become in the end a serjeant, Q.C., and perhaps, if he goes in for politics, and his friends come into power at the right time, a judge, or even a Lord Chancellor. We shall say nothing of the medical profession beyond this, that a "kind," quiet manner, a judicious neutrality in all local, political, or religious matters, will, in most cases, secure a fair income to a man of very moderate parts. A physician, well up in the art of humbug, is certain of success, particularly in those neighbourhoods where he can speak with unction on the platitudes of the day, and uphold the dogmas of his "patient" hearers.

A solicitor knows as well as any man under the sun how to eke out a living. The borough attorney or town clerk is generally shrewd enough to know which way the wind blows, and there is no doubt at all that the supposed thankless office of town clerk has, in more instances than one, been known by direct and indirect means to bring in to its holder very large profits and a minimum amount of labour. We do not see how the country attorney can hope to rise socially from the position which he has chosen for himself. We have at the present time a large number of attorneys in the House of Commons, and, as a seat in the House must cost a good deal of money, notwithstanding the laws against bribery and corruption, solicitors must

have made money before they can have it to spend, either on themselves or on their country, or both.

If we take six of one and half a dozen of the other we shall find, as a rule, that solicitors are, taken as a body, a money-making set of professional men, jealous of their rights, and not over scrupulous in the means used to accomplish an end. They have their examinations, etc., to pass, and their fees to pay before they can become qualified practitioners; but they know, as well as we do, that their profession leads them nowhere, save to "retirement," which kills outright many people of active habits, the remorse of an evil conscience, or an honoured and respectable end passed in harness, or in the bosom of a grown up family, of which at least two sons will have been made barristers and three solicitors.

There is no doubt about it that the profession of a solicitor is far more paying than that of a barrister, and it is for this reason that we object so strongly to the absurd claim now put in by some (Radical) solicitors to the rights and privileges of members of the bar.

It must be borne in mind that barristers do, to attain their privileges and position, spend a far larger amount of capital than solicitors, and that this expenditure is made for one given object and purpose. Certainly nine-tenths of the barristers are University men, and are, from that consideration alone, entitled to certain privileges and exemptions which cannot be reasonably claimed by those who have never entered a University at all. There are amongst attorneys a few University men, but graduates are, in the ranks of solicitors, like angels visits, few and far between. If we took this great distinction only, we should have established a case against the amalgamation of the two classes of professional men. There are many others to which we cannot allude now, but we may assert, without fear of contradiction, that when an attorney is "admitted," he fully intends to practice his lucrative profession; on the other hand, hundreds of men are "called" to the bar who become barristers for the sake of the position only, and without any ulterior ends to obtaining loaves and fishes. In 1856 there were in England 9,679 attorneys, all of whom we may reasonably suppose were in practice, against 3,816 barristers, many of whom we may also suppose never practised, or wished to practise at all. Since 1856 the Bar has risen considerably in market value, and the Church has consequently suffered. Candidates for holy orders are no longer, as they used to be, composed entirely of the cream and respectable passmen of Oxford and Cambridge; the

bishops have had to throw open their gates to theological colleges, which years ago did not even exist. On the other hand Lincoln's Inn, the Temple, and (not so often) Gray's Inn are infested by University men of high talent, who do not care to receive forty stripes save nine, with the doctrine of reserve inculcated by our Church party, or the misconstructions imposed by the Platitudinarians. If attorneys really desire to become barristers they must throw up their present temporal gains for purely conscientious motives, and after undergoing the ordeal and expense of being called to the bar, there is no reason why they should not be admitted as members of either of the Honourable Societies which at present have, and we hope always will have, the exclusive right of conferring the privileges enjoyed by those who are entitled to the wig, gown, and bands. The Geneva preaching gown is, by common consent, gradually growing into desuetude, save amongst a certain clique of so-called "Evangelical" divines; let the members of the bar and all aspiring barristers rise in defence of their own gown and other "unusual vestments;" let solicitors be content with their wages, and not aspire to two things at once; let it once for all become known to the public that no man can properly conduct two professions at the same time, and the subject of amalgamation between barristers and attorneys will be committed to the Gehenna from which it originally sprung.

RED CLUB.

*Middle Temple.*

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### SOME VALENTINES.

WE shall not trouble our readers with an Essay on Valentines, or concoct a page of original Lemprière illustrative of the life of that worthy saint whom we honour on the 14th of February. No! we are going to be very personal, very dry, and the sooner we commence and finish our unpleasant duty, the better for all parties concerned. We begin with an advertisement:—WHEREAS, some malicious person or persons unknown have transmitted through the Post Office of St. Martin-le-Grand certain valentines to certain illustrious individuals: the public are hereby informed that large rewards will be given to any man, woman, or child who will give such information as will lead to the detection and capture of the offenders. And in order that the public may be the better enabled to discover these evil-doers, we do hereby

append sufficiently accurate descriptions of the valentines referred to.

In the first valentine which comes to hand—we take them at random—a middle-aged man is sitting on an easy-chair, a small round table by his side, on which is a decanter of wine nearly empty, and a wine glass quite empty. The decanter bears a label on which we read “Hero worship.” The wine has had the effect of lulling to sleep the drinker, whose arms hang listlessly over the sides of the chair. He is evidently dreaming, for many shadows are represented as passing before him. First is conspicuous a massive diploma, which testifies that the owner is a graduate of the second degree “*in Artibus Liberalibus*,” and there are also many copies of this diploma, of various shapes and sizes, apparently meant to signify that, whatever be the course of thought running through the brain of our hero, this diploma possesses an immediate share of his attention; and ever and anon his countenance is lit up with a radiant smile as these diplomas (*pull the string*) pass before him. Now we see crowds of shadowy beings—coarse vulgar beings—bearing aloft what would at first sight appear to be the gates of some great city; but on closer inspection prove to be the iron railings of some large pleasure-ground. One behind carries a banner exquisitely worked out on cloth of gold, which is further embellished by the inscription “Unity is Strength.” On each side of this motto are respectively the letters I. R. (done in green) and E. R. L. in red. Antiquarians have puzzled in vain to discover the signification of these letters, having unanimously rejected the absurd theories of some upstart who suggested a connection between them and Irish Republic—English Reform League. The last shadow in this picture is a gorgeous throne, or what much more nearly resembles the state chair used in Senate by the President of the United States. It is wrought in solid oak, bearing many letters and inscriptions. In the centre of the back is a large medallion, on which is carved a head bearing a strong resemblance to the gentleman opposite. Above this medallion is a monogram, the centre letters of which are E. B., with the significant letters M.A. worked crossways. The striking feature of this monogram is the fact that the latter letters are so arranged as to be distinctly readable from whichever side you look. The chief motto on this chair is “Coming events cast their shadows before them.” But the most peculiar fact is yet to be mentioned: by simply holding the valentine up to the light of day the shadows suddenly disappear, and in their place comes into bold relief a figure of John Bull, armed as a



special constable. His eye is steadfastly fixed on the reclining figure on the chair, until this figure gradually fades and dissolves under the keen withering glance of that powerful "special."

It is with sincere regret that we have the painful duty of making known to the world at large, that religion itself is not spared the effrontery of being derided by means of productions which used to be merely *billets d'amour*. Several gentlemen, more or less elevated in their sacred profession, have forwarded to us for *exposé* in our *Review*, valentines which they have received within the last week. We cannot possibly afford space for all; but will select two of the most daring specimens for the sake of showing how wantonly unappreciative some people are of the religious nostrums which are so generously and gratuitously offered by certain zealous clergymen as a panacea for all afflictions. Can our readers conceive the audacity of the individual who perpetrated the following?

A certain "party" is seated on an episcopal throne, receiving homage from his admirers. These are represented by two priests, one deacon, one magistrate, one policeman, nine ticket-of-leave men, eighteen convicts, ten brigands, six Zulus, and a washerwoman. Each of these is accoutred with a satchel containing the following articles of *vertu*: one slate, three slate pencils, one sponge to wash out mistakes, five vols. of "Colenso on the Pentateuch," one copy of "Colenso's Arithmetic," one ditto "Algebra," one ditto "Rénan's Lives," one ditto "Ecce Homo," one ditto *Times*, one ditto *Pall Mall Gazette*, one clay pipe, one packet Bristol birdseye, one pair scissors to cut out distasteful bits of Bible history.

A mitre lies at the feet of the occupant of the throne; but it is shattered into five pieces, having been struck by an ex "Communication" ball from the metropolitan gun. This incident, however, has been without effect on the possessor, for he cares nothing about the mitre save for the intrinsic value of the gold it contains, and which he continues to extract at regular intervals four times a year. A Bible lies trampled under his feet, and a heathen god—cut from his own design, and which he has called "Rationalism"—is in the background, conspicuously decorated with nightshade and other herbs, which we Christians are wont to regard as poisonous. He leans on a sturdy staff, on which is inscribed "Privy Council." He is completely blind in one eye, and unable to see with the other; the result—as stated in explanatory notes at the foot of the valentine—of his prolonged mathematical studies in the futile endeavour to discover the square of the circle, and to prove that "The Sine of an



Acute Angle (or Englishman) is to be circumscribed in the (torrid) zone of a Sphere."

Another part of the picture represents a lovely bay, its beauty only broken by the rising of those crested wavelets which so oft precede a storm. A vessel is approaching the concave shores, and it is sufficiently near for us to perceive that it bears the name of "Orthodoxy," and carries the British flag. The shingly beach is crowded by men and women and children, who, with mingled voices, are thanking heaven that the vessel has so far braved the stormy seas, and so nearly accomplished her anxious journey—for they know that she carries a precious freight; that she is bringing them one who will console them in their trials, and teach them pure and undefiled the religion which they have learned to love.

Our next and last valentine is more simple in its detail; but there can be little doubt that it pointedly refers to a notorious Protestant preacher of the north, whose name we forbear to mention, lest we should unwittingly injure the feelings of so scrupulously modest a character. A man well advanced in years, clad in the homely Genevan gown and clerical bands, meets our gaze. He is evidently some cathedral dignitary, though he is not a bishop, and he wants that peculiar cut which always enables us to identify a dean. He is of sanctimonious aspect, and seems to have just come down from his temple, where he has doubtless expressed his deepfelt gratitude that he is not as other men are in this woful world of crime. He holds in his hand "Foxe's Book of Martyrs," from which he has probably taken the substance, if not the text, of the sermon he has just preached. He is now in his study, and, as his shelves are crowded with books, we may reasonably infer him to be a learned man. We see there many bound volumes of the ever-faithful *Record*, the whole of Calvin's immortal books, "The Confessional Unmasked," the first two numbers of the *Rock*, "Conventual Life, or the Confessions of Sister Lucy," and many other works of a similar kind. Should the description of this valentine with which we have favoured our readers leave them in doubt as to the allusion intended, that doubt will be effectually removed when we inform them of the inscription at the foot of the page. There it was, in large, bold, unblushing type, "THE GREAT AND GOOD."

## THE IRISH UNIVERSITIES.

ONE problem at least in the irrepressible Irish question seems at length likely to receive an early solution. We allude to that of University Education in Ireland.

It is well known that in the year 1793, Trinity College, Dublin, which had, ever since its foundation 200 years previously, been an exclusively Protestant university, first admitted Roman Catholics to its degrees, those in divinity excepted; and that many of the professorships have been since opened to them, only the higher university offices and the fellowships being reserved for members of the Established Church.

The Roman Catholic College of Maynooth was founded in 1795, and two or three others more recently; but their students had no means of obtaining degrees until the Colleges of St. Patrick's, Carlow, and St. Kyran's, Kilkenny, were affiliated to the University of London.

In 1850, during Lord John Russell's administration, was established the Queen's University in Ireland, consisting of the Queen's Colleges at Belfast, Cork, and Galway, each richly endowed, provided with an able staff of professors, and open to all, irrespective of creed. It has no faculty of divinity, but each denomination is entitled to appoint a clergyman of its own, with the title of Dean, to superintend the spiritual welfare of his co-religionists. The Protestant Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Independents, and Wesleyans, have availed themselves of this privilege at some or all of the colleges; but the Popes and the Roman Catholic Primates, since the late Archbishop Murray, have constantly refused to sanction the acceptance by any ecclesiastic of office in what they are pleased to denounce as the "Godless Colleges": the Roman Catholic students are, consequently, almost confined to the medical faculty.

They, on the other hand, have opened in Dublin an institution, which they designate the *Catholic University*, and have repeatedly applied for a charter, empowering it to grant degrees in all faculties, including that of theology. The agitation was renewed last session; but the Government of Earl Derby maintained that the recognition of an exclusively sectarian university would be a retrograde measure in these days, when all the existing ones—even those of Oxford and Cambridge—have thrown open most of their degrees and privileges without religious qualifications.

The students of Stonyhurst, Oscott, St. Cuthbert's Ushaw, and the other Roman Catholic colleges in England, graduate at the University of London, and often take high positions in the classical honour lists; but it is a great hardship to compel an Irishman of limited means to perform such an annual pilgrimage, though many a name from St. Patrick's, Carlow, may be seen in the calendar of the London University.

A compromise was offered, which was received with some favour by many Roman Catholic M.P.'s, namely, that the Queen's University should affiliate the various Romish and Presbyterian colleges in Ireland, whether general or theological; but this institution, though it cannot exactly be said to be without a "local habitation and a name," labours under a cumbrous title and a glorious uncertainty of abode, which, together with its recent origin, operate greatly to its disadvantage.

A somewhat different scheme has been recently brought forward for the solution of this knotty question, and, for our own part, we sincerely wish it success. It is, that while Trinity College, Dublin, shall retain its present character and constitution intact, the University of Dublin shall, so far as secular degrees are concerned, affiliate to itself, not only the Queen's, but all other colleges desiring university privileges for their alumni, the Queen's University, or Senate and Examiners sitting in Dublin Castle, ceasing to exist.

This would not involve so great a violation of the constitution of Dublin University as at first sight might appear; for though we are accustomed to consider T.C.D. as synonymous or co-extensive therewith, this is by no means the case. Not only are the degrees in Arts to be had without residence, but, for the medical degree, the Carmichael, Steevens, and Ledwich Schools, that of the Royal College of Surgeons in Ireland, and also the so-called Catholic University, are on the same footing as Trinity College. In future, too, any medical practitioner who may obtain the B.A., with or without residence, will be eligible for the degree in medicine, the condition of study at the Dublin Hospital Schools being removed. The only objection that can be urged against the scheme under consideration, is, that the charters of two universities will have to be set aside; but surely this need not stand in the way of reform, for "a breath" (or, at most, a few strokes of the pen) "can make them, as a breath has made."

The Rev. Professor Haughton, writing to the *Medical Times*, asserts, and probably with truth, that Trinity College is strongly opposed to the proposed extension; but he also argues that it

will be necessary for the reorganized University of Dublin to lower the standard of its degrees to that of the humblest college admitted into union. This seems to us a clear case of *non sequitur*:—may it not compel them to raise that of their instruction? Indeed, as no man will be rendered eligible for graduation who is not so already as a non-resident, increased facilities and inducements only being afforded thereto, we cannot understand how the abolition of the Queen's University degrees is to deteriorate those of Dublin: the graduation fees now paid to the former will simply be transferred to the coffers of the latter.

In 1859, the University of London threw open its degrees in Arts and Laws to men who were not students of any of its own colleges (much to the disgust, indeed, of those who were); but, so far from lowering the standard, it has continued to raise it, the result being exhibited in the plucking, at each examination, of a proportion varying between 20 and 60 per cent.

If the Dublin University of the future will honestly and steadily persevere in carrying out the same course, it will confer a lasting benefit on Ireland, by elevating the tone and character of its higher academical education; men of all denominations will be brought together in wholesome competition, and feel a bond of union in the possession of the same degrees of the one National University.

The only unsatisfied claims will be those of Roman Catholics to divinity degrees of their own; but, so long as there is an established church in a country, these must remain the property of the privileged religion, and men possessing a recognized degree in Arts, and holding a theological certificate from their own college, will not find any difficulty in obtaining such honorary distinctions elsewhere, as in fact Roman Catholics do now, and English Protestant Dissenters will in all probability always have to do.

FITZ-EDWARD.

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#### OUR PHILHARMONIC.

I HAVE the honour to be a townsman of St. Bridges. I say the honour advisedly; for, although the world at large may not have heard much of the place, we, its inhabitants, are accustomed to think of it and speak of it as though it ranked very little below the metropolis. We have four grocers, three drapers, a chemist, a saddler, a toy-shop, and a railway station. The Church is

represented by two clergymen and a half (for the curate, besides being poor, is so *very* small). We have also a physician, a parish doctor, and a lawyer. So that St. Bridges is not without its importance, even in impartial eyes.

Two years ago the rector of St. Mary's Church died. He was a harmless, humdrum old gentleman, and his death was probably the first sensation he had ever created at St. Bridges. But that event certainly did create a world of talk and speculation in the place. Who was to be his successor? After a short time of delightful anxiety came the news that a Rev. Charles Mayhew had been appointed; that he was a young, unmarried man; and report said further that he was handsome and had a very good voice. All the fair St. Bridgetts were in a flutter of delight. "It would be such a charming change from old Dr. Bumble, and they were *sure* he would preach nice sermons." The Rev. Charles Mayhew came, and for once report said true. He was handsome, and he had a fine voice: indeed, the ringing tones in which he uttered the service were a great contrast to his poor predecessor's mumbling. St. Bridges made up its mind to be charmed with him.

We were not musical at St. Bridges. One or two young ladies warbled "Fading away" or "Let me kiss him for his mother," and songs of a similar character, or playing polkas and popular tunes at our evening parties; but listening to the songs was a mere duty to society, and listening to the playing was a thing unknown. Our church music was not first-rate, though we had been well content with it, provided the hymns were not too long. But our new rector heard with other ears than we. When the first notes of the wheezy old organ came out, and the singers set up the customary Sabbath wail, there was a very queer expression on his countenance for a moment. He passed his handkerchief over his mouth, however, and resumed his usual look, though he did not attempt to join in the singing.

The due calls were, of course, paid to the young rector during the week, and the result was very favourable. He stood high in public opinion. The gentlemen said he was manly and had no nonsense about him; the ladies said he was "a very nice young man," or "*such* a delightful, handsome clergyman," according to their respective ages. He had praised our scenery, our local advantages, our clean street: only one thing he spoke of with horror.

"Good heavens!" he said to me; "my dear sir, is it possible that Sunday after Sunday you can listen to that awful singing?"

I replied with some dignity, for I was churchwarden, that it was no worse than in the other church.

"Possibly not," he answered; "but can't we do anything to improve the singing here? If you would be good enough to help me: you seem to have a great deal of influence here."

Mollified by this remark, I said that I was no singer; but that, if he liked to get up anything, I would do my utmost to forward it, and I was sure he would find the young ladies very willing.

The immediate result of the musical agitation was that the old organ was got rid of and a large harmonium bought in its stead, and that the singers were bribed to come regularly to practise, and goaded on by the rector, who was always present, to sing more cheerfully. But it was not till the Rev. C. Mayhew had been a month among us that he propounded his great scheme.

"Don't you think," he said, as we were walking together one day, "that we might get up a Philharmonic Society?"

"Well, I don't know," I said doubtfully (in fact I didn't exactly know what Society it was). "You see there's the Clothing Clubs, and the Odd Fellows, and ——"

"I don't mean that sort of thing—a musical society, you know—one that would bring together all the classes. It's a first-rate thing," he said eagerly; "it makes such good feeling. Why, where I was before, Lady Brabazon would sing out of the same book as the grocer's daughter—and Miss Wiggins sang the best too," he added irreverently.

I am a Liberal, and the idea of bringing the classes together on common ground struck me as a good one. My wife, to whom I repeated it, seemed influenced by Lady Brabazon's example. "If Mr. Mayhew starts it, I will join the first to give it a tone," she remarked; "and then you know, my dear, I might brush up my music. I used to sing to you, don't you remember, before we were married, twelve years ago."

I had rather an indistinct remembrance of the songs, but I assented cheerfully, and my wife and Mr. Mayhew setting to work, about fifteen people were found sufficiently daring to begin this untried experiment, and the first meeting was announced in the schoolroom.

It was a rainy evening, and only twelve of the members came; but there was a bright fire, and several lamps. Mr. Mayhew, as temporary conductor, greeted each new comer heartily; and my wife, as patroness, bowed graciously, or shook hands. Several honorary members were also present; and if we were not a large, at least we were a cozy party.

The conductor proceeded to inquire about the voices. It turned out that there were five trebles, two altos, one tenor, and four basses. The five trebles were: my wife; Miss James, the

lawyer's daughter; Mrs. Jones, the young draper's wife; and the two Misses Twyford, elderly young ladies. The altos consisted of Miss Cecilia James, and Miss Sharpe, the chemist's daughter, who blushing said, "she would like to sing second." The tenor was the lawyer's clerk, a capital hand at a comic song. The bass voices belonged to two shopmen; Harry Tarrant, a young squire, who, being rich and unmarried, was the great attraction of St. Bridges; and last, but not least, the small curate, who was found to have so tremendous a bass that it even overrode Mr. Tarrant's jovial singing.

"Well, we aren't very strong to-night, ladies and gentlemen," said our conductor, laughingly; "but I hope by next time we shall have a better muster, and, in the meantime, we will go over a glee or two, so as to lead the new comers next Tuesday. I have chosen one that is tolerably well-known. Do any of you know 'Oh, who will o'er the downs so free?'" Some had heard it, two happy individuals had sung it, and all set to work on it. The trebles were rather weak, the altos inaudible, but the tenor did his work well, and the small curate (who knew it) came out triumphantly. "Not quite enough light and shade," said our conductor at the end of an uproariously sung passage (marked *p*)—"but we shall get to that in time."

On the whole, the evening was pronounced a success—and thus was launched Our Philharmonic.

*(To be continued.)*

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### VERY BARREN HONOUR; OR, OFFICERS' PAY.

IN these days of agitation men are perpetually mounting platforms for the twofold purpose of defending their social, political, and religious rights, and of obtaining more money than they already possess.

These agitators avowedly call themselves the representatives of a large majority of the population.

But we ought to bear in mind that there is also an influential minority of men and gentlemen, too, who still suffer a wrong far greater than any of the grievances of babbling political agitators. We allude to the army and navy, in both of which services the officers are considerably underpaid. The pay of officers in these services is, with very few alterations, precisely the same as it was fifty years ago; the injustice, therefore, is not of long standing.



But it is an injustice in these days, when England has heaped up her millions by the unequalled extent of her trade.

English gentlemen with fixed incomes, who have to keep up the position demanded by society, find that the "comfortable competency" of thirty years ago is now no competency at all.

In the present day officers without private means have to undergo something worse than the labours of Hercules, if they wish to keep up their good name in the world. Consult any old officer on the subject, and he will recall with a sigh the days when his pay was a competency, when his clothes cost half their present price, when provisions and goods of every description were not so adulterated and unreasonably expensive as they are now. Happy days were those for poor gentlemen! The cabmen of the period never grumbled if they received only sixpence more than their fare. Now they growl at a shilling, and say they have "driven hard," or else that "it is a wet day."

These and hundreds of such increasing expenses are a wet blanket to the existence of a man with a fixed income. Trade cannot suffer, as it is the receptacle into which flows the superfluous wealth of the country. The liberal professions—law and medicine—cannot suffer, as lawyers and doctors can charge more for their services in proportion to the wealth of their clients and patients. But the aforesaid wretch with the fixed income—whose gold grows not heavier and brighter with the richness of all around him—he, poor miserable being, must go to the wall.

If this question of an increase of pay for officers of the army and navy be raised soon, the nation will have no excuse to avail itself of, no reason to put forward why gentlemen should not be paid as well as labouring men. The question of expense cannot be long debated, because the single fact is before us, that in proportion to the growth of the people's purses of late years, the coffers of Government have profited by increased revenue. Let those, then, who act to the people as an insurance office, securing their gold from being lost, and keeping Old England free to amass her millions if she will—let them receive at least a competency, in lieu of the present poor apology for it.

As a rule, officers do not bawl loudly over their grievances; and it would scarcely do to jump with a theatrical air on a platform and disclaim against the total inadequacy of their pay to meet the demands made upon it. Probably, any one who did ~~say~~ so would be watched by the police, who would inquire into his political opinions, and doubtless find out within a week that he was a Fenian.

We wish to know how long is the becoming modesty of gentlemen, bearing Her Majesty's commissions, to be taken advantage of to cover the glaring injustice of meting out to an ensign in the army the magnificent stipend of 5s. 3d. per day, whilst the "Queen's Regulations" tell him that he is liable to be cashiered for any conduct "unbecoming an officer and a gentleman;" and he cannot be even the former unless he is prepared to expend a good deal more than the amount of his pay; and in some regiments he would not be considered the latter unless his expenditure was three times the amount.

Hundreds of needy captains and lieutenants, and many clergymen in their curacies, have doubtless been quietly amused at the recent strike of the engine drivers, to raise their wages from 6s. 6d. to 7s. 6d. a day. The revelations of this strike of comparatively wealthy workmen may be a hint to the unfortunate officers and threadbare curates; and when at last the duns exhaust their patience, and the inexorable bailiffs make their fell swoops upon them as a body, they will at least have the choice of two courses,—either to strike, or to resign their barren honour and empty titles, and become—engine drivers.

E.

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### THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

ALL sensible people have agreed that the broad gauge, however smooth it may be, is a great commercial mistake, and shareholders in the Great Western Railway have long since felt that Mr. Brunel's whims and fancies ought never to have been indulged on a line which was meant to pay good dividends. The Great Western Railway is a striking exemplification of the "penny wise pound foolish" mania which besets some hard-headed people who ought to know better. On the other hand, the Great Western Railway has, by its wholesale litigation and extravagant expenditure on useless objects, become the laughing-stock of liberal capitalists. Why, we should like to know, was it necessary, or what object could be gained by spending upwards of £80,000 on Paddington station, when the public really needed accommodation and not decoration? Why should the Company have half-chosen a comparative swamp at Oxford for their works? Why should Reading, one of the most important places on the whole line,

and Didecot, where the Western and Birmingham trains meet, be allowed only the cold comfort of a few planks (which are absurdly dignified with the title of "stations") for the shelter of those wretched travellers who, in the depth of winter, are compelled to be *en voyage*?

Let us ignore Swindle *alias* Mugby Junction altogether, and travel from Bristol to Bath. Between those important cities we have to go through the longest tunnel in England, and the Railway Company gives no light in second-class carriages through that long subterraneous passage, for the purpose, we suppose, of saving £50 a year, of wilfully endangering the lives of the public, or of increasing the dividends to the extent of one hundredth part of a farthing per £1. On one occasion we had a madman thrust into our compartment just after the train had cleared the tunnel. It would have been easy enough to describe in the daily journals a "deadly encounter with a lunatic," if such an event had occurred in the dark, but it would have fared ill with the Railway Company if such a revelation had been brought prominently before the public gaze. We have not consulted counsel on the point; but we should think, as a matter of course, that railway companies are bound to supply lamps in all carriages which have to pass through tunnels of any sort or kind. If there be no legal compulsion at present, the sooner a little legal pressure be put on railway companies the better.

We have travelled through that long tunnel at Box six times a week, at certain seasons of the year, and on each occasion we have complained to the officials about the danger of having no light. All private complaints have been of no avail; and we have, therefore, no hesitation in asserting that members of the House of Commons ought, as the *custodes populi*, to interfere when the safety of the public is at stake. The Great Western Railway must, if it would raise its dividends, adopt in future a far different policy to that which it has pursued in the past.

We might point to many sad defects of organization, discipline, and management; but we are not a railway organ (or an organ-grinder). Why does not the Great Western Railway have third-class carriages? They have a *fourth*-class in Switzerland attached to each train. The number of passengers would undoubtedly increase in just proportion to the accommodation offered; and every honest tradesman will tell us, that a customer who spends two shillings in his shop brings in as much profit on the amount expended, as a rich man who can afford to spend £200.

One more glaring inconsistency of the Great Western Rail-

way, and we have done. The people of Reading—a town with a population of 30,000 inhabitants—have no later train from Paddington than that which starts at 8.10 p.m.; whilst Windsor—a town less than half the size of Reading—is favoured with a train which leaves town about midnight. We have heard, and have some reason to believe, that a director of the Great Western Railway lives at or near Windsor. *Solvuntur tabulæ risu*. Why cannot the Great Western Railway Company, if they really consult the interest of their shareholders, begin their new policy with common sense, and end their career by giving to towns with the largest populations the accommodation they must of necessity require?

## ENGLISH PREMIERS, A DIALOGUE OF THE DEAD.

### IN TWO PARTS. PART II.

I WAS curious to hear what Chatham would say, and the flashing of his bright eyes charmed me as he spoke. Though carried sick in his chair, he was full of animation, and even there his mien was gracious and dignified.

"I have watched you, my lord," he said to Lord Palmerston, in the course of conversation, "from the depths of that ambient world where the spirits of the departed hover round the path of the living. I have never joined even in thought in the cabals raised against you, but have admired the British character of your heart and head. Russia was to you what France was to me; each of us had a mission to humble a haughty foe, and we fulfilled it as we ought. We were both dear to our country because our country was dear to us. We were both hated by other Powers because we thundered on them with English ordnance by sea and land. Posterity will acquit us of all minor charges, and pronounce us patriots. There was but one thing we loved above our country, and that was freedom. Abroad we battled for England, at home we fought for liberty. I can see in your career the development of my own. You were ever eager to assist the populations oppressed by tyrants; and when you lifted up your voice in their behalf, your words seemed to me the echoes of my speeches in favour of American exemption from taxes despotically levied by a feeble and cruel government. I listened, though you saw me not in your midst, when you pleaded for the extinction of effete boroughs, and the estab-

lishment of a broader, nobler, and happier system of popular representation. I rejoiced to mark the progress which you and my country had made, and how you could extend the basis of your government without endangering the superstructure. In contending for Wilkes and the electors of Westminster, I was in effect doing battle for Englishmen defrauded of their elective rights in after ages. Believe me, the great delight of this spiritual world consists in watching the growth of the seeds we sowed and the trees we planted. Nothing is great or little here; we measure all things by absolute standards of truth and justice. Political summer is infolding England after the blasts and howlings of earlier history. The heat of parties is fused into a general genial warmth. It quickens, mellows and matures, colours and flavours the fruit in every branch of society. It is the vital source of beauty and order, for which I find no image save in the foliage of summer woods, the fertility of meadows, and the luxuriant bloom and elegance of gardens and groves."

"That is, indeed," said Palmerston, "the Utopia we sighed for; but is it a *fait accompli*? Are you describing what you see or foresee? You honour me too much by linking my labours on to yours, though I admit that the carriages and the locomotive make all one train, and they do represent Hercules sometimes with 'Cupid' at his side."

Chatham laughed heartily at this classical compliment and Pam's allusion to his own nickname.

"Have you seen William?" he asked. "I was in hopes I should meet him at this hour. He is my delight and pride. Not in vain did I train him up in the way he should go. They tell me the old cotton-spinner took great pains with his little Bobby, and used to put him on a table to repeat the sermon after church. Well, there was no harm in that; but I schooled William after a more classical sort. He would read me Roman and Greek poets and orators by the hour, and translate off-hand paragraph after paragraph into English—choice English drawn from the raciest sources, from the living wells of our old dramatists, Milton, Jeremy Taylor, and the like. I like old Peel, because he venerated my William's memory, and I admire Robert because he took him for his model on the whole. If he had followed his or any other traditions slavishly, he would not have been the great premier he was. How little William is understood, or Burke; people are only beginning to find out what they really were. Canning adhered to my son faithfully and lovingly, and breathed his spirit into you. Fox was truly great, and truly dangerous. He was not insular enough for an English premier. A patriot's strength

lies in a weakness for his country. Fox was too philanthropic for a practical man. If he had been in office as long as Pitt, I doubt whether the democrats at home and the revolutionists abroad would not have encroached on us through his leniency. Think of his writing of the capture of London by Bonaparte as a thing conceivable. How unEnglish to allow that such a catastrophe was possible! Fox was not a good hater, and was therefore wanting in a public virtue."

"Do you blame him for informing Talleyrand of the plot laid against Bonaparte's life?"

"Certainly not. It was one of his noblest acts. A generous enemy will take no mean advantage of his adversary. I censure Canning rather for reflecting on Fox for his high-spirited action. At the same time it did show a slight personal leaning to the First Consul, and was in keeping with the visit Fox paid him during the peace of Amiens. It had a voice, and it said *Cave*—Beware of a prime minister who does not hate France and her ruler. The times are changed now."

"Happily. Aberdeen patted Louis Philippe on the back, and I got into a scrape by doing ditto to Louis Napoleon when he made his *coup d'état*. I believe the international friendship will become a mania before long. But the mania of goodwill is an improvement on the frenzy of war."

"It may be so," rejoined the Earl, "but you must not expect me to adopt the changes and fashions of living men. Look at my black velvet suit: it is a type of my politics, which are now what they were when I spoke for the last time in the House of Lords. I was English to the backbone, and I rejoice in having given my dying voice to the cause of my humiliated country. If I have any insight into the future, the independence of America will ultimately be the ruin of English institutions. The tide of democracy which rolled westward from our shores will return upon them with Atlantic violence, and sweep from the earth the noblest and best-balanced constitution that the wisdom of ages ever contrived. The pendulum of society always oscillates. It has gone far enough from absolutism. Charles I., James II., George III. are bugbears of the past; but the pendulum touches hard on mobocracy, and the awful tyranny of overwhelming numbers. Power is falling into the hands of the majority, though the good and wise are always few in number. The many will be the tyrants of the few, instead of the few being the rulers of the many. I do not think an English premier can be named who would not now share with me in this anticipation."

I cannot tell what answer Lord Palmerston may have given to this gloomy foreboding; for as Chatham spoke these words

the scene changed, and a number of spectral prime ministers flitted across the scene. Sometimes they uttered a few words *en passant*, and sometimes they paused in soliloquy. They often seemed to be playing at Masks and Faces, and baffled me altogether with their grotesque antics and sudden metamorphoses.

A young man whom I saw at a gaming-table in a frieze great-coat presented himself the next moment in an embroidered coat turned inside out, I suppose for luck. A piece of leather guarded his lace ruffles, while a high-crowned straw hat kept his hair in place, and screened his eyes from the glare of chandeliers. A wooden bowl with an ormolu edge and containing rouleaux stood near him, and a person evidently of Jewish extraction addressed him as Mr. Fox. He seemed to be advancing him money, and I guessed from his appearance and easy indifferent manner that he was a usurer of the first water. The next moment the Jew had disappeared, and the young gambler became the centre of a very different scene. He was addressing the House of Commons with great earnestness and eloquence; but before he had concluded a splendid peroration, laurel-bushes grew from his forehead, and he was surrounded by elms and budding thorns, with Boccacio in his hand and the Georgics on the grass at his feet. Near him was Lord Grenville, a scholar and gentleman of high degree, and Addington, or rather Lord Sidmouth, a courtly personage but somewhat infirm, who was retiring into the background with a coronet in his hand. The little boys called him "Doctor," and I was surprised to see a draught and pill-box quartered on the shield which adorned his coach. The Duke of Portland also was resting his head on his knees under one of the elms, and appeared to be in great pain. He certainly held a phial in his hand, on which I could read "laudanum." He soon fell asleep, and sank beneath the turf. His place was taken by one who was walking very leisurely through what appeared to be the lobby of a parliament house, when an assassin all at once stood in his path, fired a pistol at him, and shot him dead. The report of the fire-arm startled me considerably, but things seemed nevertheless to take a very even course. A jog-trot Earl took the lead, and by great courtesy kept his cabinet together, though they were all pulling different ways. At last the cleverest-looking of them rose above the heads of his colleagues, and poured forth copious streams of wit and eloquence. His mother had been an actress, and it really looked as if George had profited by maternal lessons in the art of clap-trap and stage effect. A great Duke and General eyed him very closely, with a cold and suspicious look; but the



brilliant Canning had no sooner taken his place at the head of the Treasury Bench than he fell into a coffin covered with a gorgeous pall, and the Duke, pushing forward, put "Prosperity Robinson" to the right-about, and to the amazement of everybody actually extended his right hand to a gigantic agitator named O'Connell, with a million of wild Irishmen at his heels. I cannot tell whether my imagination was disordered by sleep, but what I saw next was so confused that it was difficult to trace any line of truth and reality running through it. There was a sudden and strange defection from the Tory ranks, or at least from Tory principles. Roman Catholics were brought into power on the shoulders of their stoutest enemies; and the very men who had thus betrayed the old Protestant cause and constitution then turned round upon their new allies, the Reformers and Whigs, and refused to give them any support in demolishing the time-honoured system of borough-mongering. The task was left to a grey Earl, who had in his youth exulted over the overthrow of the Bastille, and the first restraints put on royal authority in France. By his agency the land was cleared of rotten boroughs. Mounted on a charger, he ran with his lance full tilt at cottages, hamlets, and tree-stumps which claimed the privilege of sending members to Parliament. He proclaimed the middle classes free; and it was expected, he said, by thinking men, that within fifty years the working classes also would be raised to the rank of electors. There was a great deal of hubbub going forward, and Sir Robert Peel looked on sullenly. Perhaps it would be more correct to say that he was filled with fearful and anxious forebodings. He stood on some bales of cotton, which changed one by one into sacks of wheat, which he dispensed to the multitude cheap, saying at the same time that great part of it came from abroad. The old Duke stood by him, and I heard him say,

"Well, Sir Robert, I gave them Emancipation and you gave them 'abundant and untaxed food.' Grey has given them Reform, and Brougham perhaps, if he lives long enough, will complete the boon with household suffrage—what if Dizzy himself should do it?—and I am not sure that, if this does come to pass, any harm will result. There is sterling worth in the English aristocracy, and sterling sense in the English public. Why should they clash? Why might they not work together for the good of society, with occasional quarrels and skirmishes, for many generations?"

Here my dream ended, and I returned to a sober sense of my surroundings, which were too homely and common-place to call for any description.

## THE ADVENTURES OF MISS GUSHING.

## No. 2.

MISS GUSHING's acquaintance with Mr. Ladle was made at a ball. That kind of entertainment was a special favourite of hers, partly from her natural love of gaiety, and partly from her great fondness for dancing. Mr. Ladle, too, was equally partial to balls; but for somewhat different reasons. Natural gaiety formed no part of his disposition—rather the contrary; nor was he an adept at dancing, though not painfully deficient in that important accomplishment. He was a man of a reflective, pensive tone of mind,—one of those beings who “study humanity,” and go into society only for the purpose of “seeing life.” He considered himself a physiognomist and a judge of character. His favourite employment at a ball was to stand in some quiet corner, unnoticed by the dancers, and take observations of all that passed. If any of the company puzzled him, and he was unable to arrive from mere inspection at a reliable analysis of their character—an event which rarely happened—he obtained an introduction, and endeavoured to perfect his knowledge by conversation. The fairer portion of creation attracted his chief attention. A long and painful experience, as he himself termed it, in the ways of womankind, had convinced him that a knowledge of their alluring but dangerous peculiarities was essential to the happiness of all who are thrown into contact with them.

The fame of Miss Gushing's charms had reached this gentleman's ears, but made little impression on him. He took for granted that the *furor* she caused was only one of those foolish manias which periodically seize the fashionable world. He was curious indeed to see what the new beauty was like, although he did not expect to find her in any way different from ordinary belles of the season; and when a slight stir and a buzz of conversation among the men announced her arrival, he pressed forward with the others to get his first glimpse. Never was a man so disappointed. She had a good figure, 'twas true; regular features, and expressive eyes; but nothing in the least approaching the beauty that fame had ascribed to her. He went back to his observatory resolving to trust no more in the public taste. But somehow or other his eyes were continually attracted towards her. On further consideration she was not so bad-looking. “The eyes are really very fine—the action is not

without grace—confound that man! what an animated conversation he's having with her—I must get an introduction," and away he went for the purpose.

Miss Gushing, in the meantime, had been hearing from the lips of a gallant mustachioed partner a detailed account of Mr. Ladle's character and peculiarities. It appeared to amuse her very much, for she laughed continually. Indeed so interested was she by her partner's anecdotes that she requested him, not a little to his disgust, to introduce her to the subject of them. He had just set out to fulfil this disagreeable duty, when Mr. Ladle, having finished his observations, was in search of some one to perform the same ceremony. It was soon accomplished, and Mr. Ladle afterwards informed a friend that the curtsey made on the occasion was the most graceful he had ever seen. Such was the manner in which these two important social characters first became acquainted.

It fortunately happened (some ladies seem able to regulate Fortune in this respect) that Miss Gushing was not engaged for the next dance, and Mr. Ladle was honoured by a valse with the queen of the room. He had heard the conflicting accounts of Miss Gushing's temper and character, and determined, therefore, to be on his guard while conversing with her. He was not one of those men who possess the happy knack of adapting their conversation to the hearer. He could only talk on a certain set of subjects, and in a certain tone of mind. Knowing this, and knowing also that his style of conversation was distasteful to many, and ridiculed by some, he made up his mind to test Miss Gushing's opinions before actually committing himself. He had the greatest horror of ridicule,—perhaps because he had been so often subjected to it,—and prided himself upon being able to discover true appreciation from that which was only feigned for the purpose of drawing him out. With this intention, then, he began in an exaggerated style, so that, if necessary, he might treat it as a joke.

"Does not a ball," said he, "strike you as a very melancholy thing?"

"Oh! most melancholy," said Miss Gushing, with a pensive look, and in a mournful voice.

"There is no feigning there," thought Mr. Ladle. "If we could only look into the hearts of all these smiling people," added he, "what a dismal sight it would be."

"Dreadful!" said Miss Gushing, and a slight quiver passed through her frame. "Ah, there are many who look merry, but feel sad!"

"There are indeed," said he. "She has a true sensitive

mind," thought Mr. Ladle. "Our tastes are evidently the same, and I can talk on what I please without the least fear of being laughed at. Oh, that all women were so!"

Accordingly he at once launched out into an animated discussion on those topics which are generally called sentimental. His partner followed him readily wherever he led. She quoted poetry with almost the same facility as he did; canvassed the merits of the heroines of the principal novels with equal warmth; and was even more eloquent and pathetic on the subject of unrequited affection. Any scruples on the ground of ridicule which Mr. Ladle felt at the beginning soon disappeared, and he opened unreservedly his whole heart to his charming and amiable companion. She in return poured forth her sentiments with the same freedom, and the two young people had apparently already reached the stage of mutual admiration. As to Miss Gushing, she looked, according to Mr. Ladle, not beautiful, but divine. He never would admit that she was beautiful; but the music of her voice, the expression of her eyes, and the exquisite grace of all her movements, animated as they were with a noble enthusiasm, made her appear almost like an angel.

Miss Gushing discovered that there were still two vacancies on her card, and these were at once filled up with the name of Mr. Ladle, after some slight hesitation on her part as to the propriety of dancing three times with the same partner. It is reported that she consulted a lady friend on the subject, and that some such conversation as this passed between them:

"Dearest Geraldine," said Miss Gushing, "that dreadful man has put his name down for two more dances; what *am* I to do?"

"My dear Emily," replied her fair friend, "why did you let him?"

"I could not help it—he saw my card."

"You should never let your card be seen; or, at all events, not the card;—but I forgot your conscientious scruples. Poor child! your goodness is always being imposed upon."

Miss Gushing, it has already been observed, was a great favourite with the ladies.

When Mr. Ladle went to claim his former partner for a second time, he found her too tired to dance. At first he was inclined to be very disappointed; but upon Miss Gushing suggesting a cooling walk in the conservatory, he was rather glad than otherwise. The conservatory proved so refreshing, that the cooling walk lasted during the whole of that dance and part of the next. It was a beautiful night. The moon was at the full, and its silver

beams made the place almost as light as day. The sound of the music softened by distance, and the gay figures strolling about in the moonlight, made it altogether a romantic and beautiful scene. It reminded Mr. Ladle of an interesting episode in his own life, which he narrated to Miss Gushing; and it reminded Miss Gushing of a scene in a fairy tale. She wished at that moment she were possessed of Fortunatus's mantle.

"What would you wish?" said Mr. Ladle.

She sighed, slightly pressed his arm, and said nothing.

A third time Mr. Ladle was honoured with having for his partner the lion of the season. He had made up his mind that she was the most amiable creature he had ever met. She was not handsome—he could *not* admit she was handsome—but she was something far better: tender, sympathizing, and highly cultivated. No conceit, no flippancy, disgusted the observer; but every action, every word, was prompted by sensibility and refinement. The wretched tittle-tattle and commonplaces that form the staple of most girls' conversation were altogether absent from hers. She had something better to talk about than the last play, or the last marriage—something more interesting than the latest fashionable scandal. She had, in fact, "seen life" and studied humanity.

In the course of their last dance, Mr. Ladle had managed to extract from Miss Gushing—or rather, Miss Gushing had voluntarily communicated to Mr. Ladle—her engagements for the ensuing week. It happened, curiously enough, that most of these were engagements of Mr. Ladle's also. Miss Gushing throughout the season had always several invitations for the same day, and malicious people afterwards said that she mentioned to Mr. Ladle only those entertainments at which she knew he would be present. Be that as it may, Mr. Ladle was delighted to hear that he was to meet his charming partner at a flower-show to-morrow, at a *fête champêtre* the next day, and at another ball the day after. He ventured to ask Miss Gushing whether she would deign to recognize him when they next met. She looked at him with her beautiful eyes, and throwing into them an expression baffling all description, exclaimed, "How can you ask such a question!"

But at last the time for departure came. The inexorable chaperone took away Miss Gushing from the arm of her partner, and led her out of the room; not, however, before she had given Mr. Ladle a smile and a look that almost turned his brain with delight.

"Oh! Lady Lofly," said the dear creature, "that extraordinary man has bored me to death."

"I am surprised," replied the chaperone, "that you should take any notice of him."

"But I am *obliged*. I can't be rude to the poor man."

"My dear Emily, there's no occasion to be rude; but it astonishes me that, although this is your second season, you are still perfectly ignorant of the most ordinary methods of getting rid of bores."

Emily sighed and said nothing. Lady Loftly mentally ejaculated "Sweet little innocent!"

A party of young men were standing at the door as Miss Gushing was going out. She stopped and made them a profound curtsy. They looked at one another and smiled. "Poor Ladle," said one; "he's to be the next victim, evidently!" "Take care, Fitz," said another, sorrowfully; "you may some day be a victim yourself." The last speaker had proposed to Miss Gushing within that month, and had been scornfully rejected.

(*To be continued.*)

#### THE SULTAN'S DIARY.\*

The Sultan, they say, is a bit of a wag,  
And laughs in his sleeve to hear Englishmen brag  
Of the marvellous progress of civilization  
Where so many mendicants die of starvation.

In his journal just published in Turkish we read—

"It seems to be part of the Englishman's creed

"To raise at the corner of every street

"A palace for Gin, and for drinking it 'neat.'

"They talk very much of the worship of God,

"And being so pious, it seems rather odd

"They multiply shrines to the honour of Bacchus,

"And, though we are temperate, still they attack us.

"If you walk out at night, as I often have done,

"With a hat, not a fez, for a good bit of fun,

"You will see on all sides how they hiccup and stutter,

"And, porpoise-like, roll without shame in the gutter.

"Now Allah be praised and his prophet, that we

"Have only one God while these Christians have three;

"And we find in the Koran no warrant for thinking

"Human beings like fishes should always be drinking.

\* In connection with this subject, see an article on "Young Turkey," in the *Times* of January 28, 1868, and the *Mukhbir*, or Organ of Young Turkey, published by Bertrand, 1a, Grove Place, Hammersmith, London.

"It was but last year that a million of snobs  
 "(For it takes thereabouts to make one of their mobs)  
 "Tore down in Hyde Park every bit of the paling,  
 "While Vic., the Lord Mayor, and the council were quailing.  
 "Let them say of 'the sick man' whatever they please,  
 "I wouldn't rule over such subjects as these,—  
 "As easily kindled as matches of phosphorus;  
 "There's far better order maintained in the Bosphorus.  
 "The women, I swear, are as bad as the men,  
 "And I never did shake so with laughter as when  
 "The Viceroy of Egypt was mobb'd at the Zoo  
 "By ladies, and that on a Sunday eve too!  
 "How *very* polite now all this to a stranger!  
 "His coat-tails, you know, were in imminent danger,  
 "And he took to his heels just as if a *copella*  
 "Had slipped from its case in pursuit of the fellow.  
 "It's a fatal mistake to let women run loose;  
 "For my part, I'd hold them in tight with a noose;  
 "In the harem secure, with a veil on the face,  
 "They save you a world of expense and disgrace.  
 "It really gives people a terrible handle,  
 "And causes a deal of both comment and scandal,  
 "When they frisk so on horseback, and drive in the park,  
 "And ogle the men into love for a lark.  
 "And that Rotten Row,—it may well be called rotten,  
 "If you think of the ills that of it are begotten,  
 "It's at best, as they told me in various quarters,  
 "A pretext for trotting out unmarried daughters.  
 "Her Majesty seems to abuses quite callous,  
 "And is a sham Queen in her Buckingham palace.  
 "She's no more a Sovereign than I am a people:  
 "The State is to her as the Church to the steeple.  
 "This Parliament rule is of all rules the worst:  
 "And England I hold to be specially curs'd,  
 "Manhood suffrage, it seems, soon in female will issue,  
 "And the head and the tail will be all of one tissue.  
 "This comes of rejecting the system designed  
 "By Allah himself for the good of mankind,  
 "That the throne by the Caliphs fill'd never should fall,  
 "And I should, in fact, be the Sultan of all."  
 Abdul Aziz writes thus in his quizzings diurnal;  
 Many extracts besides we might make from his journal;  
 But these will suffice, perhaps, to prove from the work  
 That he looks at us all with the eyes of a Turk.



## CHARADE.

Below the surface of the earth  
 My *first* oft hidden lies ;  
 Where zephyrs sigh o'er rugged moors,  
 There lies what most men prize.

And where my *first* doth most abound,  
 My *second*, too, must be ;  
 The dwellers there I envy not,  
 Far, far from sky and tree !

With hand upon his pocket pressed,  
 My *first*, the radiant lover sighs ;  
 "Oh ! what with thee is to compare,  
 Without thee, who could please my eyes ?"

He turns towards his plighted wife,  
 And murmurs, "She is mine ;  
 But did she not my *first* possess,  
 Her hand I might resign."

Now guess my *whole*, ye ruthless swains,  
 Who barter hearts for gold ;  
 Forgive the slang expressed therein,  
 As the moral you'll uphold !

*Answers may be sent to the Ed. A. T. R.*

## ANSWERS TO THE LAST CHARADE.

(See A. T. R. No. 15.)

Bad luck to your *first*, if he one long remain,  
 When, to sew on your *second*, a wife he may gain ;  
 Sure, 'tis Bachelor's button, the flower that you *mane*.  
 Belfast. —PADDY.

In the *first*, who sits by the fire alone,  
 I plainly a *Bachelor* see ;  
 And the *second*, so round, for which he sighs,  
 A *Button*, I think, must be.  
 Combining the two, a small flower I find,  
 And I own there are many much more to my mind.  
 —TORFRIDA.

Correct answers have also been received from M. B. (Inverness), A. E. A. G. (Ramsgate), Gem (Reading), D. C. S. (London), L. W. S. (St. Laurence), P. D. (Chippenham), An Oxford Anti-Teapot, W. M., A. M. W., and many others.

*Advertisements.*

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The new rules may be had by enclosing seven stamps to the President A.T.S., care of Houlston and Wright, 65, Paternoster Row, E.C.

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The objects of this Club are to give every possible information to members of the A. T. S., and their Friends, concerning *routes*, and hotels which have been tested by Anti-Teapots; to expose all overcharges and cases of extortion, and to keep a list of those hotels, &c., which may be confidently recommended from personal experience.

Non-Members of the A.T.S. are requested to forward *bond fide* notes, &c., duly authorized with the name and address of the writer, to the Editor of the *Anti-Teapot Review*, 65, Paternoster Row, E.C.

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The TREASURER of the ANTI-TEAPOT SOCIETY gives notice that, according to the new rules, all Subscriptions are due from January to January.

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**THE SIGN AND PASS-WORD FOR 1868.**

Members of the A.T.S. are informed that the above were agreed upon at a meeting held on December 26th, and all those who desire to be initiated should apply to the Officers of the Society.

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(EDITED BY MEMBERS OF THE UNIVERSITIES.)

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And not to lose the good of life."

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